

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

WEDNESDAY EVENING  
December 12, 1917

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

**Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.**

L. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c  
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building, Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL  
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

## MUST GROW FLAX FOR AIRSHIPS

An experiment is to be made at Klamath Falls the coming year with the growing of hemp. When the Klamath canal was completed it was discovered that wild hemp was growing along it. Some experiment with the fiber showed that it was of a quality so fine that it can be used in place of flax in the making of the linens. This will be tested during the coming year, and if successful will give that section a tremendous boost. There never was such a demand for flax products as the present. It is found to be the only fiber suitable for aeroplanes, the only one having sufficient strength, and it is this coupled with the destruction of the flax industry in Belgium and Russia that has caused the insatiable demand. While the great cry so far has been for wheat and ships, the demand for flax fiber is just as insistent now, and it is as necessary to the winning of the war as the conservation of food, the building of ships and the making of munitions. America proposes to win the war largely through control of the air, and to do this she must have flax. This means that true patriotism will move every farmer in the valley who has ground suitable for its growth to plant at least a small tract. Patriotism will also furnish the labor necessary for harvesting it, so there need be no fears on the part of the farmers on that score. When the Americans have met the enemy, and when the death roll shows some from every hamlet, America will wake up to the conditions facing it and such a wave of patriotism will sweep over the country as will make all such things as labor shortage seem but trifles. There are hundreds, both men and women, who will do their bit in the flax fields or any other when it becomes necessary, and that time may be no further away than next summer. Here is Oregon's opportunity to again lead, for climatic conditions enable her to produce one of the things the country most needs—flax. We should rise to meet the demand made on us, and while we "fly with our own wings," show that we can also furnish the wings for the whole country. We can do this by growing flax and we should plant every pound of seed available. Thousands of tons of fiber are needed for this purpose alone. Another insistent demand is made by the fishing industry, one of the big ones of the state, which requires six hundred miles of nets, and these are made of flax fiber. The twine for these can be made of lower grade fiber than is used in the making of linens and will furnish a market for the lower grades. The manufactured product of an acre of first class flax at present prices will range in value from \$750 to as high as \$1,500 an acre. Just imagine what this means to the Willamette Valley once the business is well established and the product of the farms is manufactured at points within the valley. Salem should be the "Belfast of America," and we can make it so by serving our country and growing flax.

Eastern Oregon is not only using the big tractors to draw their gang plows but they are running these 24 hours a day with three shifts. The scarcity of men and the high price of feed for horses may compel like action among the farmers of the valley. Here, most of the farms are too small to justify the purchase of a tractor, but there is no reason why farmers should not get together and arrange to do their plowing by owning these big machines together. It is quite probable their use would demonstrate that they are the one thing that will bring the once famed wheat lands of the Willamette valley back to their old standard of production, 60 or more bushels to the acre. What the valley lands need is a deep subsoiling, and the tractors will give it.

It is estimated if the war lasts through its fourth year that it will cost in money actually spent for war purposes \$155,600,000,000. To meet this debt, not counting the interest, would require the gathering and paying over ten times, all the gold in existence. To meet the interest charges alone would require one half of all the gold to be gathered and paid over yearly.

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## WHY FEAR A GERMAN OFFENSIVE

Why should the allies fear a German offensive on the West front? Why not welcome such a decision on part of the enemy?

For more than a year we have been told that the allied forces in the west greatly outnumber the German fighting force, and that they are superior in artillery and aircraft equipment. There is every reason to believe these statements because the full man power of the French nation is supplemented by great forces drawn from every part of the British empire. Why then should the allies fear an attack in their own defensive trenches and strongholds, close to their supply bases and with every condition favoring them?

Is it because the English really want to stave off the final struggle until the United States is ready to bear the brunt, or do they lack the energy and decision to prepare for what may be the deciding grapple of the war?

Heretofore, only a small part of the allied forces have ever been in action at any one time—and the Germans have won their principal successes by attacking the different fronts in detail, while most of the allies' armies looked on with only the interest of casual spectators. Even now it is likely that half of England's 7,000,000 soldiers are loafing around on furloughs, and will not be called to colors before the Germans break through their lines and the allied cause hangs in the balance. That was what happened at Cambria where the British had over a week to pour men and guns into the breach of the Hindenburg line, and then seemed to think it strange that the Germans would take advantage of them by attacking suddenly with superior forces.

If the allies were commanded by a real general with supreme power, or possessed a board of strategy which knew the war game, they would welcome the proposed German offensive in the west—and the war would be over in six months.

## GREATEST OF BATTLES IMMINENT

The Italians by their heroic defense succeeded in holding the Teutons on the Italian front and the great struggle at Asiago is virtually over since the allies have enough reinforcements on the ground to make a further attempt on the part of the Germans useless. At the same time it announced the Germans are preparing for a supreme effort on the western front. They are massing troops bringing up heavy guns, and that the greatest battle of the whole war is imminent seems probable. It is probable too that a large part of the American army now in France will take part in this fight. That they will be held back because of insufficient training is hardly possible, for many must be pretty well trained by this time, and the very strength of the German attack may compel the use of troops that otherwise would not have been used until next Spring. According to reports, there are now more than 300,000 American soldiers in France and these should make a good showing no matter how great the German force may be they will be called upon to meet. From all indications the greatest struggle of the war will be fought between now and Christmas. The fall of Jerusalem is considered a good omen, and as such America will consider it, but it will pin more faith on its boys over in the trenches and the British and French veterans, than on signs and omens, no matter how cheering they may be.

It is but two weeks until Christmas and it will not be long after that until it will be time to make garden. It can safely be asserted that the area of kitchen gardens this coming year will be much larger than that of last summer. Many who failed then will want to try it again now that they have learned something about it, and many have found the exercise so beneficial that they will try the garden again this year. The most insistent cause of increased garden plots however will be the high cost of vegetables, which make the gardens a necessity for many who otherwise would have to go without the fresh green "garden sass" they can grow so easily.

The Bolsheviks have issued orders to garrison friendly to its cause to attack Kalidenes without waiting orders and forbidding any effort at mediation. It seems the German leaders of the Bolsheviks had rather talk armistice with their German brethren than with a real Russian. While the strength of Korniloff and Kaledine is not known outside of Russia, it is evident from the fears expressed by the Bolsheviks that the two generals have a formidable backing. They may yet prove the men needed to control Russians leaderless mobs.

Germany has generously agreed not to ask payment of interest on the money advanced Turkey, until 12 years after the war. This is a wise plan for in this way the Germans can get used to going without their interest on the homeopathic plan. It will also lead the way to their getting reconciled to going without a return of the principal. The money Germany has loaned Turkey will prove an unprofitable poultry investment. There won't be any eggs.

Not even an approximate estimate of the victims of the Halifax disaster can yet be made. Estimates still run from 2,000 to 4,000, and while the latter figure is thought by the conservative to be too high, all admit that at best it is only guess work, and that it may be weeks or even months before anything like an accurate estimate can be made.

## Margaret Carreff's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

### AWAKENING DISTRUST

#### CHAPTER LXXXI.

For a few minutes after we sat down to dinner Mrs. Baldwin and I chatted upon indifferent matters; but gradually she led back to Robert, and his liking for Bohemian people.

"Have you ever dined at the 'Reverie'?" she asked.

"Once," I replied.

"Didn't you like it? I'm just crazy over the place, and Joe is nearly as bad."

"No, I did not enjoy it at all," I replied, a remembrance of the disagreeable evening I had spent making me speak rather snappishly.

"That's strange! doesn't Mr. Carreff like it either?"

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly. "It is one of the places he used to go before we were married."

"Oh, so he knew all that clever crowd before you were married, did you know them too?"

No, when I met Mr. Carreff his mother had just died, and he of course was not going out—at least to such places," I explained.

"Oh!" was all the reply she made, but that single epithet was enough to tell me, with understanding, that I felt myself flushing. Then she asked: "How long did you know him before you were married?"

Only a short time. He and his father never agreed. I suppose he felt uncomfortable after his mother died and wanted a home of his own." I again explained, never dreaming how much I was telling this clever cynical woman.

"I see! Well, Mrs. Carreff, of course you will do as you please, but if I were you, and he would take me, I should go every single place my husband did. Joe won't take me, or you better believe he'd get no chance to lunch or dine with other women—that is, unless I was along," she added as I made no reply.

"But, Mrs. Baldwin," I commenced to argue, "I do not believe a man should have any interest outside his home and his necessary business affairs. If I join Mr. Carreff in his outings with people of whom I do not approve I have no argument left against his going. No, I trust my husband absolutely. In time he will see that I am right, and be willing to give up people of whom I disapprove."

"I wish I had your faith—for your sake," she replied. "No, you are wrong!" she went on after a moment's silence. "No man who is interested in the vital things of life; who craves the companionship of clever men and women will ever be made to give them up by the tactics you propose. You had far better give up your ideas of domestic felicity alone with him, and become his companion. If you do not there are plenty of charming women who will. And you aren't so young that you do not know what the result is sure to be."

You mean to intimate that I shall lose my husband?" I demanded, indignantly.

"What else? He will not be happy with you if you cross him in all he does, his social instincts and pleasures."

"Do you practice what you preach with Mr. Baldwin?" I asked as we rose from the table, "or does he never give you occasion?" I added rather disagreeably.

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ably, I am afraid.

"When I was first married I made the mistake of finding fault, of crying and nagging Joe whenever he stayed out a moment longer than I thought he should. I used to accuse him of being with other women, and all sorts of things, until one day he told me he had had the name, and that he would hereafter have the game. It was a vulgar way of putting it, but it woke me up, and ever since then I have been busy trying to show him he needn't be uncomfortable with me. But—" she hesitated. "I waited too long. I was too late. The mischief had already been done. Now I live in the hope that some day he will return to me. I keep watch of him, I know what he is doing, but he does not mistrust that I do. I am telling you this, Mrs. Carreff, so that you won't make my mistakes. I like you. I know your type, the home girl who has never been accustomed to the gay side of life; a side that is just as wholesome, just as true as is the strictly domestic side if a man and wife can enjoy it together. But to send the man out alone—believe me it is fatal."

After Mrs. Baldwin left, which she did early, I sat thinking over what she had told me. I was not at all convinced by her reasoning. Joe Baldwin and I were two very different persons. Mr. Baldwin was rather ordinary—that is besides Bob, and would be influenced by things which in no way would affect my husband.

"Poor woman," I said aloud as I undressed. Then I forgot all about her advice in wondering what Bob was doing, if he had once thought of me and whether or not he was beside him and John Kendall. Then also I dwelt on the fact that he had lunched with that Chicago woman. Why had he not told me. Perhaps it was while Donald was ill and he had forgotten it. I would ask him about it as soon as he came in the next night. Of course it was business; but others might not think so. I should ask him to promise not to lunch with any woman but me.

(Tomorrow—Robert is Annoyed at Mrs. Baldwin)

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The Daily Novelette

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GARNISHED WITH PEPPERS.

No one could have been more polite than the Rev. Fiddle, D. D. As a boy he had always knocked on the cupboard before stealing the jam, and never slapped the girls without apologizing between slaps. And now, as a man with responsibility and side whiskers he was still a second Sir Walter Raleigh.

On the day our story opens he was given the commission as missionary to the Birdy Islands, with five lady assistants. He bowed the ladies up the gang-plank of the steamship Florida Water, and then ascended it himself, and the voyage began.

The weather was ideal, only 210 passengers out of 305 were seasick, and four days before our story closes the Rev. Fiddle, D. D., bowed his lady assistants onto the Birdy Islands.

They were met by a delegation of Booboo cannibals, who escorted them with great pomp and a fair amount of ceremony to their king, Hicky Doola.

Hicky Doola was a man of few words.

"Shanput mungo!" (Just in time) he said. "Let them be made into stew of in America for the gathering of the clans tonight."

As the royal guards approached them Fiddle, D. D., removed his hat and bowed low.

"The ladies first," he said gallantly. His apparent sense of humor so tickled

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